Current Events in Review

By Edward W. Pickard

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Jeffersonian Democrats Band Together

FORTY THREE Democrats, most of them prominent nationally or locally and representing twenty states, gathered in Detroit to tell one another and the world how much and why they disliked the New Deal. After two days of conferring, they organized themselves as the National Jeffersonian Democrats and named Former Senator James A. Reed of Missouri as their national chairman. They decided to establish headquarters at once in St. Louis and to set up an organization in every state. Then they gave out a 7,500 word declaration or platform in which they declared they "will not support for re-election the candidates of the Philadelphia convention for President and vice president, and we call upon all loyal and sincere Democrats to consider the question of their duty to their country in the approaching election with the same earnestness that has guided our deliberations; joining with us if they feel that our conclusions are sound and our anxiety for the future of our party and our country is justified."

J. A. Reed

The name of Governor Landon was not mentioned in the declaration, but a number of its signers are openly supporting the Republican candidate. Among these are Joseph B. Ely, Col. Henry Breckinridge, John Henry Kirby of Texas and Robert S. Bright of Maryland. However, the avowed prime objective of the Jeffersonians is the defeat of President Roosevelt and the restoration of the Democratic party to its status before the New Dealers captured it. Their declaration is unequivocal in its denunciation of Mr. Roosevelt's course and the policies of his administration.

Bar Association Split on New Deal Legislation

WHEN the American Bar association convenes in Boston soon it will receive two widely differing reports from a special committee named to study the effects of New Deal legislation on the rights and liberties of citizens. They were made public in Washington. The majority report, signed by John D. Clark, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Fred H. Davis, Tallahassee, Fla.; George L. Bunn, Charleston, S. C., and Charles P. Taft II., Cincinnati, Ohio, "deplored" the action of President Roosevelt in reducing congress to a "rubber stamp" body to carry through his program.

"Novel legislative and governmental trends of the last few years," just as uncertain today as they were two years ago, the report said, "Laws specifically designed as emergency measures with limited life have been replaced by important members of the administration to be the beginning of permanent changes in national policy.

"There has been a continuing conflict between officials as to whether a new social and economic order is in the making or the old institutions are being perfected so that they may be preserved."

These findings were challenged by Kenneth Wynne, New Haven, Conn.; Fred L. Williams, St. Louis, Mo., and James G. McGowen of Jackson, Miss. In their minority report they said: "If the purpose of the resolution creating the special committee was to get the opinion of the American Bar association regarding legislative trends designed to meet changing economic conditions, the report is superficial. It does not deal with the problem but concerns itself with a short range attack on surface trivialities."

Congressman Zioncheck Commits Suicide

MARION A. ZIONCHECK was brought to an end in characteristic manner his checkered career and his life. He leaped to his death from a window of his office in Seattle shortly after he had filed for re-nomination to the congressional seat he had held for two terms. His friends attributed the suicide to worry over a psychiatrist's advice that he take a long rest from politics. His trouble had been diagnosed as dementia praecox.

American Track Team Victor in Olympics

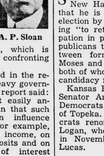
EIGHT days of track competition at Berlin brought out many record-breaking performances showed that the American team was unbeatable in the matter of total points. These Yankee athletes piled up a total of 203 points. Finland was second with 80 1-4, Germany third with 69 3-4 and Japan fourth with 51 13-22. Jesse Owens, the magnificus colored lad from Ohio State university, captured four gold medals for first in the 100 meter and 200 meter runs and the broad jump and for pacing the winning American quartet in the 400 meter relay. The decathlon was won by Glenn Morris of Denver.

Japan captured the most highly prized Olympic championship when Kitei Son, young Corean student, won the marathon race over a very tough course and in the record time of 2 hours 29 minutes 19.2 seconds. The distance was 26 miles and 385 yards.

Among the women contestants Helen Stephens of Missouri distinguished herself by breaking the world record in two heats of the 100-meter dash.

Commerce Department on Recovery and Public Debt

SECRETARY OF COMMERCE ROPER'S department has just put out one of its "reviews" for 1935 which contains many interesting statements. It asserts that "the future business prospects are conditioned in part upon the possibility of narrowing the gap between government expenditures and receipts. It asserted that "the government deficit springs from the mass of unemployment, which is still the major problem confronting the country.



A. P. Sloan

As to "the part played in the recovery to date by the heavy government expenditures," the report said:

"This question is not easily answered, but it is certain that such outlays have had an influence in many directions — for example, on retail sales, on farm income, on the growth of bank deposits and on the prevailing level of interest rates."

The later statements may well be compared with the report of Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors, the most forbidding Business recovery throughout the world — in which the United States has participated — is being generated by a combination of various factors, Mr. Sloan explains. In this country the automobile industry has been helped, he says, by principal influences. Only one of these, he points out, has its roots in the New Deal's social schemes and he finds that particular influence a bad one because it creates a temporary fool's paradise in which sales and earnings are abnormally boosted by government expenditures.

Asserting that political extravagance has created a highly undesirable and artificial stimulus, Mr. Sloan urges that such spending be halted before it is too late to stave off disaster.

Oil Men and Companies Accused of Conspiracy

CHARGES of collusion by government with conspiracy to violate the anti-trust law by combining to dominate the purchasing of oil in the Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma fields and to fix prices of gasoline in the Middle West, 26 persons, 23 petroleum concerns and three publishing companies were indicted by a federal grand jury in Madison, Wis. Among the prominent defendants are Edward G. Seubert of Chicago, president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana; Hiram C. Bareford of Evanston, Ill., president of the Pure Oil company, and many officials of Standard Oil, Pure Oil, Deep Rock, Socony-Vacuum and various other oil concerns and their subsidiaries.

H. M. Dawes

Also in the list are Warren C. Platt of Cleveland, publisher of the National Petroleum News and Platt's Oilgram; his two publications and the Chicago Journal of Commerce.

The indictment charged that the defendant oil companies formed pools in the Texas and mid-continent fields for the purpose of purchasing crude at artificially high prices from independent producers, and in furtherance of such a scheme were members of associations which included the independents. Further it was charged that independent refiners to aid the plan, had curtailed their production of gasoline.

This, said Mr. Platt, is exactly what the oil companies did with the approval of Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, administrator of the NRA petroleum code, when efforts were being made to limit the production of gasoline, prevent the flow of excess quota oil into market channels, and stabilize prices in that turbulent industry.

"The government's charge turns on whether a practice legally started and carried on under the recent NRA petroleum code was continued in illegal manner after the NRA was killed by the United States supreme court," Mr. Platt said.

Two American Authors Called by Death

LINCOLN STEFFENS, long prominent as a journalist, writer and lecturer, died at Carmel, Calif., at the age of seventy. He was creator of the so-called muck-raking school of journalism and in many magazine articles he exposed the corruption in municipal politics.

Another well known American writer, Arthur B. Reeve, passed away at his home in Trenton, N. J. He gained fame by his crime and mystery stories.

President Resents Charge of Politics in Relief

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was visibly aroused by Republican charges that the New Dealers were seeking to reap political profit from the drouth conditions. At his press conference he broke with the usual rule by permitting himself to be directly quoted as saying:

"It is a great disservice to the proper administration of any government to link up human misery with partisan politics."

The President announced that he would hold a series of regional conferences with governors of states in the drouth area, and naturally Governor Landon, his Republican opponent, will be among those he will meet. It was believed they would come together about Labor day in Des Moines, with the governors of Iowa, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Missouri. Mr. Landon said he would accept the President's invitation to such a conference.

Senator Keyes, New Hampshire, to Retire From Office

SENATOR HENRY W. KEYES of New Hampshire has announced that he is not a candidate for reelection by the Republicans, preferring "to retire from active participation in public affairs." The Republicans therefore will choose between former Senator George H. Moses and Gov. H. Styles Bridges, both of whom have announced their candidacy for the nomination.

Kansas Republicans renominated Senator Arthur Capper, and the Democrats picked Omar Ketchum of Topeka. In Kentucky the Democrats renominated Senator M. M. Logan, whose Republican opponent in November will be Robert H. Lucas.

Ten "Rebel" Unions Are Suspended From A. F. of L.

UNLESS John L. Lewis and his associates in the Committee for Industrial Organization repent and cease their "rebellious" activities before September 5,

J. P. Frey

the ten unions they head will be under suspension from the American Federation of Labor. Such was the verdict of the federation's executive council which passed on the charges of John P. Frey, president of the metal trades division, that the CIO was "fomenting insurrection and rebellion." David Dubinsky, head of the garment workers, cast the only vote against the suspension order.

Lewis having definitely set himself against any peace overtures, it appeared that the suspension certainly would be put into effect. The next move will be up to the Tampa convention in the fall, which will be asked to vote the expulsion of the refractory unions.

The ten unions accused by Mr. Frey and found guilty are:

United Mine Workers.

Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Sidney Hillman, president.

Oil Field, Gas Well, and Refinery Workers, Harvey Fremming, president.

Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, Thomas H. Brown, president.

Ladies' Garment Workers, David Dubinsky, president.

Textile Workers, Thomas F. McMahon, president.

Flat Glass Workers, Glen McCabe, president.

Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, M. F. Tighe, president.

Automobile Workers, Homer Martin, president.

Rubber Workers, S. H. Dalrymple, president.

Lewis characterized the council's action as one of "incredible arbitrary stupidity" and said that it was "dictated by personal sentiments and friendships."

Fierce Fighting in the Spanish Civil War

DESPERATE fighting for possession of the Escorial pass in the Guadarrama mountains north of Madrid was going on between the government forces and the rebel troops. Loyalist soldiers were hurried to that region, and Madrid claimed some victories. However, the Fascists on the northern side were within what said to be within sight of the capital and in position for a vigorous advance.

The rebels scored in the south by landing 2,000 Moroccan troops from Ceuta either a lively sea and air fight in which two loyalist warships were driven off. The loyalists were also reported to have met defeat near Avila, losing 600 men and some tanks and trucks.

On the twentieth day of the rebellion the government announced it had captured the provinces of Catalonia, Valencia, Murcia, Malaga, Ciudad Real, Guadalajara, Badajoz and the northern resort city of San Sebastian.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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Lesson for August 23

THE GOSPEL FOR ALL MEN

LESSON TEXT—Acts 11:5-17; Romans 1:15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Peter Learns a Lesson.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Peter Makes a Great Discovery.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC —First Steps in World Brotherhood.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC —Universal Brotherhood in Christ.

Christianity early found its progress impeded by a difference of opinion. Such a difference when met in a Christian spirit will not be a stone of offense, but when properly and tactfully settled may be a stepping stone to progress.

Jewish Christians at Jerusalem were disturbed by the report that Peter had received the gentile Cornelius as a Christian brother without requiring him to fulfill the Jewish law of circumcision.

Peter defended his action not by asserting his position or appealing to his apostolic authority, but by relating what God had done. Henry Drummond once said, "The best argument for Christianity is a Christian." The best proof that God has actually been at work is to present the unanswerable evidence of a redeemed soul. In thus making his plea Peter reveals that

I. He Had a Vision of God's Purpose (vv. 5-10).

God had spoken to him. When we meet a man who is in touch with God, we should at once give heed. He may be, and perhaps should be, the minister or a Christian leader, but he may be and frequently is some humble, unknown servant of God. But if God has spoken to him we will do well to listen. Peter had learned the great lesson that what God had cleansed man should receive as clean.

II. He Had Seen God Work (vv. 11-15).

The Holy Spirit had fallen on the gentiles and they actually had been saved. Is it not reasonable to see in the early church they could hardly believe that a gentile could be saved? Now we are astonished if a Jew is saved! Why will we in our unbelief limit the Holy One of Israel?

The all-powerful gospel of the grace of God is still saving men and women, Jews and gentiles, from their sins. Have you seen it happen? It is a great inspiration to the gathering of the lost and to encourage us—as is the same to-day as it was when he sent Peter to Cornelius. Are we willing to run his errands, proclaim his message?

III. He Had Received a Fresh Insight Into God Word (v. 16).

The best way to learn the meaning of God's Word is to use it, live it, obey it. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God" (John 7:17). Peter had learned from what God's Word meant just what it said. He had taken it at its word, and believe his Word and act on it in faith.

IV. We Knew Better Than to Withstand God (v. 17).

When God has not raised any barriers of race, nationality, or color, or social position, it is not for his followers, and assuredly not for his servants to build "fences" where he would not authorize or countenance.

One of the needs of our day is that those doing God's work should be without bias and free of evil. He who is the same yesterday, today, and forever is ready to work as powerfully today as he did in the days of Finney and Moody, and in the days of Abraham, Moses, Daniel, and of Peter. Let us give him liberty to work in and through us, not as we may wish, but as he desires. Who are we that we should withstand God?

V. In Conclusion (Romans 1:15-17).

This portion presents a magnificent declaration from Peter's colleague. Paul, who was one of the apostles, that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes, Jew or Greek. Regardless of race or condition, we are all unrighteous, and there is but one way of salvation—through faith in Jesus Christ. It is our responsibility and privilege to make this message known to all men everywhere. Your neighbor next door, whether in the next house or on the other side of the world, has our opportunity. Not one is unclean or untouchable, although he may be stained with the dark pollution of sin. God is ready and willing to save. Let us tell men the good news!

Kindness

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human creature, let me do it now; let me not defer it, or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—S. Grellet.

Pack Up Your Troubles

I make the most of my enjoyments. As for my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.—Robert Southey.

FABLES IN SLA

® Bell Syndicate

By GEORGE ADE

The Air-Brush Likenesses of Grandpaw Wilkins and Aunt Struck Him, the Real Peruvian Doughnut.

HIS PROGRESS IN ART AND MUSIC

ONCE there was a Tike who had been born with a Silver spoon in his Mouth. Out in the town of Paisley where Orville first opened his Eyes expecting to find the Light of Day and discovering only a Kerosene Lamp, it was about an even Bet that any favored Infant born with an expensive Food Investment tucked into his Face would learn that he had drawn a Knife instead of a Spoon.

It was a Settlement which believed in brimstone Hell up to about the Time Years ago and is still sore at the Theory of Evolution but friendly to Whiskers. It is hardly surprising that Orville, in his life-long Endeavor to emotionally compress and all that is Worthy in Art and Music, got away, as you might put it, to a Burn start with a two-ton Weight attached to each Ankle.

If he believed, at the age of six, that the large Bills advertising the Pawnough Show were the Last Word in Art and that "Jaybird," rendered by the local Housepainter Band, was the ultimate in Music, it must be remembered that Ideals are always controlled by Immediate Contacts and that very few Persons who pay large Income Taxes ever heard of "Parsifal."

By the time that he had come to the age of ten, thanks to the broadening and widening Influence of our Free School System and the Unlimited Opportunities open to every lad born in the Land of the Ostensibly Free and the Home of the Ostensible Brave: Orville had learned that a Work of Art does not command Respect unless it has a Gold Frame. Once in a while he would be permitted to enter the Parlor, known as the Best Room, which was kept sealed most of the Time but would be opened when they had Funerals, Parties or a Visit from the Presiding Elder.

A Lot of Oil.

It was in this Sanctuary of Sea Shells, Hair-Cloth and Anti-macassars that Orville was permitted to study the Crayon Portraits of his Grandparents.

If you assume that after Orville matriculated at Old Atwater all of his Concepts concerning the True, the Beautiful and Good were metamorphosed, then you are right, for once. He was eighteen and wearing the Watch Chain high up on the Vest Bone and had been on an Excursion to Mammoth Cave, Ky., so it is little Wonder that even the President of the College could not tell him where to get off.

He had not definitely escaped from all the cramping Influences of the Crayon Portrait and was revolving, for the first time, the larger and more inspirational Sphere of the Oil Painting. At the home of Mrs. Butterworth, where he roomed in the College town there was a notable Painting which challenged his attention the first time he saw it.

It had been done by an Artist at the Indiana State Fair in a little over Two Hours. It bore no Title but there was a Wisconsin Lake in the Foreground with a Sail Boat scudding before a breeze, which, for reasons that did not affect the Surface of the Water. Beyond were the Himalaya Mountains, wrapped in Eternal Landscape Frost and Phaelitism is somewhere in the Dignity of Pyramids and got well over the Ground. But when you interpret a Cubist Picture by the Darn Thing it looks like Sense. And that, we take it, is the strokes better than Poetry.

MORAL: Until you have done over lately, let the Old Masters and the Golden Ones alone and be critical.

NTHETIC GENTLEMAN

By Channing Pollock

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XII—Continued

—20—

glasses, and went on. cable ordering your didn't seem much sense was stuck in Bad Nauheim was locked up in the hotel best on getting him chance. I telegraphed you every possible aid. your salary, and I for my wife to send know that you weren't she didn't know I knew ly knew. I kept my the wires busy. go, I learned that you'd thing and that the was set. I went to my said I could make the locked passage Harabout the Morano clew. wife everything, and

me?"

at was all. Ridder had est, coldly, calmly, and the wires busy, charge over, he waited that the pause became arry was standing— in the clerk. After a ; "What are you going

our explanation."

police officer in the next

answered. "I felt sure reason I shouldn't turn them?"

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to beg off, if that's arry blurted. "You old—"

now why you did it." myself."

know," Ridder said. ining Barry through eyes, "Half a dozen Commissioners who don's still here. To listen ridge's stupidity was to do me a good turn. rly do that, did you?" answered. "I didn't." thing seems to be that ld and mistook you for abled you to stay on. ly's undertaking to get ty story, isn't it?"

es remained to face me ll, I suppose," Ridder ? That was the game, kmail?"

angry. It was unan- hard, mean old man ll was possible of an- single one of them might ast. Why should he re- Banca Courses and hold my more. Set- Culture of Old Death. It was She next. To Van Dyck Bouguereau and Cot Time he met Minnie's suppose that Minnie Name of a Cigar.

Col. Bogie of the

About the time he Halter on him and Art Institute, he fell seen in a Parquette Sa day afternoon, with his Fiance. Trying a Symphony in G Mi this quick-change Ar Tunes are vulgar and using your imagination I think it is. You don't You never felt sorry for for the truth now—and for your cop, ver it over."

ridder said, "I'm not ter he'd been reading

explain that?" he asked, ?

you sent my wife two broke into my house. think that you were her wrote that, you were ridder didn't know you could ing outing "Gotterdam pect that at certain times on his Throat and the G-string for Hire.

He has gone on to other Fields to keep up with Himself and his Landscape is Frank phaelitism is somewhere got well over the Ground. But when you interpret a Cubist Picture by the Darn Thing it looks like Sense. And that, we take it, is the strokes better than Poetry.

MORAL: Until you have done over lately, let the Old Masters and the Golden Ones alone and be critical.

"Did it matter so much to you?" Barry asked.

And then was sorry he'd said it.

"We've all been long on eavesdropping," he added, quickly. "Old Ridder, your father—"

"We've all had good reason."

She was standing beside the long table.

"You asked if it mattered to me," she said. "Don't you know?"

"Why should it matter?"

"Don't you know that?"

"We've been good pals—" he began. She was staring at him fixedly.

"Don't talk nonsense," she commanded.

Barry sat next to her.

"Listen," he said. "You're a lady—" She laid her hand on his arm.

"I've only one question to ask," she declared, "and I count on your answering that honestly."

"You can."

"You said—to Ridder—I stayed, at first, because I was nuts about a girl."

"Yes."

"Was that true?"

"Yes."

"Who was she?"

"I told you a month ago."

"Under considerable stress. And you never repeated it. Are you still nuts about her?"

She used the absurd colloquialism as gravely as though it were Shakespearian English.

An invisible band clutched at Barry's throat.

There was a lump there—something that had to be swallowed immediately. He felt an hysterical desire to laugh, or to cry. Then, "We won't talk about that now," he said, calmly.

"Why not?"

He couldn't answer.

"Was that pretense, too?"

Suddenly, he couldn't bear it.

"You know damned well it wasn't," he burst forth, inexcusably. "You know exactly how I feel. You've always known. Everybody's always known everything about me, it seems. I'm as much a failure at faking as I am at everything else. What's the sense of discussing it now?"

"This may be our last chance to discuss it."

They were both standing. Looking straight at each other.

Then, Pat said, "I love you."

"For God's sake—listen—I'm the son of a ne'er-do-well."

"I love you."

"I'm a bum and a vagabond."

"I love you."

"Before night, I'll be a jail-bird."

"I love you."

"Pat—"

"I'll wait for you," Pat said. "And then we'll both start fresh."

She was smiling now.

"Will you marry me, Mr. Gilbert?"

For answer, he caught her up in his arms.

Then, Pat Said, "I Love You."

He was still holding her when the old man came through the door.

"Will you step in here, please?" the old man asked, as unemotionally as though he had seen people embracing one another in this board room every day of his life.

Without replying, Barry released Pat.

Then he pressed her shoulder, reassuringly, and followed Ridder.

At the door, Mrs. Ridder was standing. He recognized her at once, though she was younger—and prettier —than he had expected. "Sorry," Barry guessed, glancing at her wavy, dark hair, and then realized that she must be more than that. She looked very much like her son, Barry thought. Curious. That was the unbearable strain, then, even though she seemed as soft and gentle as her husband was hard and domineering.

She was a small woman, with plump arms, and tiny wrists and ankles. She had large, brown eyes, with shadows under them. They had shown suffering, those eyes, though they were bright enough now. "Snappy," Barry described them.

"My wife," Ridder nodded toward her, curtly.

She came forward, her hand extended to Barry.

"I want to thank you," she said, quietly.

Before Barry could answer, Ridder asked, "Why didn't you tell me you'd left all this at Southampton?"

"All what?"

"Your accounts," Mrs. Ridder explained. "Evans gave them to me this morning, but I didn't open the envelope until just now. Then I brought it straight to Mr. Ridder."

"What's this nonsense about paying your board? . . . Thank Handbidge."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Washington Inspected Steamboat

On September 7, 1784, George Washington, in a certificate stating that he had inspected James Rumsey's steamboat model, wrote, in part: "I . . . do give it as my opinion . . . that the discovery is of vast importance—may be of greatest usefulness in our inland waters." Rumsey's idea of propelling his craft by forcibly ejecting a stream of water from its stern never proved practical. Fulton and others were to bring Washington's optimistic prediction to fulfillment. The incident demonstrates, however, that as early as 150 years ago, a few far-sighted men like Washington clearly saw the importance of taking advantage of all possible means of improving communication between the widely separated sections of the new American republic.

Anne

By R. H. WILKINSON

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THROUGH the opening in the trees above the woods road Langford could see the dull glow against the sky. It was growing brighter by the minute, and now the smell of smoke was strong. In his ears there was the distant and ominous roar of crackling flames.

He stumbled forward, his breath a sobbing gasp in his throat, his face white and drawn from the strain of running. It seemed that he had run a thousand miles, though he knew it was not more than eight. Eight at the most. That meant there were still three to go before he reached the river. Then he'd have to swim across and make another mile up the slope to his cabin. By then it might be too late. By then the fire might have swept down on the little log structure and destroyed it, and what it contained. Anne and little Bobby. He closed his eyes to shut out the picture.

Anne might become frightened and leave before it was too late, he thought hopefully. And then came the muddled thought that she wouldn't. She wouldn't know the terrible meaning of that dull red glow in the west. Anne was a town girl. When Langford married her fifteen months ago he thought she might get used to the woods and to understand them. Not but what she was happy and contented living way up here alone with him. She was happy all right, but it was hard teaching her the things she ought to know about the woods.

Langford's pace became slower in spite of his efforts. His breath was a rasping sound between his teeth. His lungs were near to bursting. Things began to reel before his eyes and he stopped a moment to rest. After a while he stood up and went on. The glow against the sky was brighter, bright red and orange and yellow. Against it he could see billowing smoke clouds and occasional showers of sparks. That meant the flames had reached the ridge behind the cabin. In another moment they would be sweeping down the slope toward his clearing.

His spirits sank. He choked as the smoke grew thicker and the air suffocating. Above him he heard the wail of a rising wind, and above the wind there was the increasing roar of fire. Anne wouldn't understand until it was too late.

It couldn't be much more than a mile, he told himself. He called on his last ounce of energy and fought ahead. Deep in his heart he knew that there wasn't much use. Long before he reached the river the flames would have consumed his cabin. And even if they hadn't his strength wouldn't permit him to swim the stream and climb the hill beyond.

But he kept going, because there was always a chance and because if anything had happened to Anne and little Bobby he didn't much care what became of himself.

The road was dry as day now. He could feel the heat from the onrushing inferno. This surrounding him a little because he knew that the fire couldn't jump the river, and therefore it must be farther away than it seemed.

Suddenly a wild hope beat in his heart. He looked up and there at his very feet was water. The river! He had covered more than a mile unconsciously. Then Billy wrapped him in the blankets for the external treating. The boys washed the wound with hot water, bound it up as well as they could with their handkerchiefs, and started on the long trek back home.

FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hello Everybody

"Hornets and Bullets"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

CROWD over there, boys and girls, and make room for a new Distinguished Adventurer in this club of ours. He is Ralph Gewehr of South Orange, N. J.

I've got to admit, right at the start, that Ralph's yarn is a stinger. It happened to him in August, 1934, up in the Adirondacks, when Ralph and his pal, Billy, started out with a couple of .22 calibre rifles to hunt eagles.

Well, sir, that's a good enough start for any adventure. An eagle is a pretty tough proposition, and a .22 calibre rifle is a pretty small piece of hardware to try to handle one with. If they'd found any eagles on that little hunting trip of theirs, they'd have had plenty of adventure. And I guess if they hadn't run across anything more dangerous than a cottontail rabbit they'd have had an adventure, too.

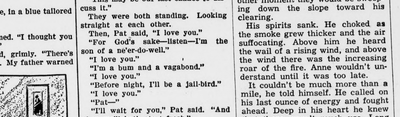
Those lads were slated for trouble. Their numbers were up—especially Ralph's. Anything they did that day would have been exciting, and when Billy took a pot shot at the only game in sight, he started something worse than a whole flock of eagles and a couple of buzzards thrown in for good measure.

Boys Find Hornet's Nest Is Dangerous Target.

With their rifles in their arms, Ralph and Billy headed up the trail on foot. They trudged up to the top of Blue Ledge, a distance of ten miles from the summer camp of Ralph's folks at North river. The boys planned to spend the night in the mountains, like real hunters, and look for adventure. They were too tired to go after eagles by the time they arrived, but hornets were another thing.

Now a hornet is pretty far from an eagle, but a hornet's nest makes a nice target—if you don't care what you shoot at—and Billy didn't care. He let fly at that hornet's nest and hit it smack in the center and then adventure began in earnest. Ralph says those hornets came out of that nest like a cloud of buzzing bees. He thinks all the hornets in the world must have been in it from the way they went for him. He took one look at the flying circus and then hit the trail as fast as he could go. But it wasn't fast enough. They dove at him in mass formation and kept right on his tail.

He got a glimpse of Billy tearing through the woods with a million or so of the enemy on his shoulders and the next second tripped and fell.



Bang! Went a Shot Right to Ralph's Ear.

Bang! went a shot right in his ear. He thought it was Billy's rifle for a moment because his had fallen out of his hand. Then he felt a stinging sensation in his side. That must have been a big hornet, he thought, from the way it felt.

Ralph Is Shot by His Own Rifle.

The hornets were stinging him everywhere, but none of them hurt as much as the one in his side. He put his hand on the spot and drew it away covered with blood! Ralph was shot! His own rifle had exploded on hitting the ground and the bullet must be in his body!

Hornets were forgotten in the face of this discovery. The nearest doctor was eight miles away. Here was a boy shot in the side situation was deadly serious. Here was a boy shot in the side and he was ten miles from civilization. Besides, both boys were already tired from their long walk. And, to make matters worse, the only doctor was eight miles more beyond Ralph's cabin. They could make that last eight miles in his mother's car, but how would Ralph ever survive the walk?

Ralph says Boy Scout training came immediately to mind. The thing to do in case of a sudden shock, they recalled, was to apply heat, externally, internally and eternally. So Billy built a fire, heated some water and made coffee. Ralph drank the coffee, which heated him internally. Then Billy wrapped him in the blankets for the external heating. The boys washed the wound with hot water, bound it up as well as they could with their handkerchiefs, and started on the long trek back home.

Wounded Lad Makes Heroic 10-Mile Trek.

Did you ever try to walk ten miles with a bullet in your side? Ralph says it's no fun. In addition to the mental torture of not knowing how badly he was wounded, Ralph suffered intensely from the heat. It was mid-August and hot enough without the blankets and the coffee. And he had to trudge along bundled up like an Indian papoose.

That walk, Ralph says, was a nightmare. He figures he must have lost at least ten pounds and laid the foundations for a headful of gray hair. But he kept on going, even if he did think that each step would be his last. Finally they got back to the camp where Ralph's dad had a car.

It was late at night when the boys finally staggered into the doctor's office after a ride that shook the daylights out of Ralph. The doctor looked at the wound and ordered him home without the blankets and the coffee. And he had to trudge along bundled up like an Indian papoose.

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